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By Pedro Hugo García Peláez

Translated by Morwenna Fellows

Isaan and Moyna had lived parallel lives since their tender youths, and yet they did not know each other personally.

There were two years between them and he went to a boy's school and she to another school that was solely for girls and that was separated by a wall. There was such a vast number of children on either side of the wall that it was unlikely that they would meet, despite being so close. When I say a wall I do not imply it figuratively; the girls' school was on an upper level, the wall was about ten metres high and the boys' school was beneath it. They grew up on either side of this wall without meeting.

They even had friends in common, but still they did not meet.

Yunai was one of Isaan's friends and he had a sister who showed an interest in Isaan, and as she was a friend of Moyna's she must have told her but Moyna must not have taken any notice. Isaan would be just one more person in the darkness of Madrid in the early seventies, yet for Moyna this must have been the first time that she became aware of Isaan's existence, but it would not be the last.

In these circumstances it could be said that Isaan and

Moyna lived parallel lives; almost bonded, but separated by a wall in time, and almost together in space. Two people can live virtually hand in hand, even ten metres apart, and not see each other. For two people to meet time is essential, for the eyes of two people to cross they must have found each other in space and time. Even though both are born at almost the same time and study almost side by side, they must coincide in both space and time.

Although space is made up of three dimensions it can be simplified into one. There would therefore be two variables, space and time. In the case of Moyna and Isaan, despite being very close, this did not result in them catching each other's eye.

Life at school was arduous for them both, they did not know that society outside of the walls was hard and so, even though the two of them lived well, they complained for no reason.

They both had excellent relationships with their classmates but they kept their distance, they were intelligent and envy is never far away. Besides they wished to exceed their classmates, and they did.

Even so, everything that surrounded the world of Isaan and Moyna was repulsive. Everything was designed so

that they would continue this type of life that seemed predetermined by destiny, which was ultimately a deceit. It was all an embellishment that was dressed and removed as if it were a macabre game. In fact they would both feel a sense of belonging when they briefly conversed with a beggar, a policeman, or some kind-hearted bandit, far removed from that world where they were figures in a picture-perfect family.

Their parents were concerned with them being the best, as were the school priests and nuns, but at the slightest failure they were thrown aside like a pair of rag dolls.

Their fathers, the priests and the nuns that guided Isaan and Moyna's destinies were sheer bureaucrats and economists with little sensitivity, and from whom they could hope for nothing. Only their mothers escaped.

Even a large part of their extended families were a bunch of fools, but they could not be wholly blamed as they too had enough to endure; and so Isaan and Moyna could not hope for anything from them either. These family members had a part to play in the story just as Isaan and Moyna did, in spite of not being fully aware of it.

Time passed, sometimes quickly and sometimes slowly. The school years went by swiftly, one after the other, on one side of the wall as much as on the other. Neither Isaan nor Moyna had problems throughout the school years but they wished to leave the school walls behind them and discover what was beyond.

It could be said that they spent ten years side-by-side but that nothing could foretell an encounter.

Statistically though there were possibilities of them meeting.

Isaan played defence quite well and was able to play in the team that he had looked up to since he was young.

This was a great stroke of luck. Fighting against the opponent in the right way is a balm against loneliness and is character building.

He had a lot of responsibility in his team. If you play with the team that you have dreamt of since you were a five-year-old child people start to see you as a dreamer that has achieved their dream. These types of dreams are dangerous; as a five-year-old you dream of reaching there, but when you arrive it is like you loose your mind.

People expect a lot from you but they still do not forgive you for your mistakes.

Indeed, coming second in the school league was a rung below best, people did not forgive Isaan for this. It seemed as though loosing a simple match, even if it was the final, would drive the people to consider Isaan a looser in free fall. They did not value what it had cost him to get there. The people only valued him for a simple ninety minute long match.

Back to the topic of Isaan's dream to play with his team, Isaan wasn't very disciplined and so sometimes he would miss training. Although people think that those that make it are all very strong, the truth is that they are mistaken; many leave sport out of laziness, to follow other aspirations, or simply because they are tired of it. In fact, throughout his life Isaan met a lot of people that this had happened to.

As a matter of fact starting to leave that door open prefigured the start of Isaan's free fall; contrary to the belief of many, your life can change in a second.

Nonetheless the good time that he had when he was included in the team was priceless because sometimes this was indispensable in order to win matches, and that more than made up for it all.

Be that as it may, this sporting experience changed something in Isaan, and since those days he began to search for new aims and to close the book on that which he had finished, as he considered that his sporting goal had been accomplished. Now he would have to look for new challenges.

He was popular and so was she; they were both born to wealthy parents but not out of love. They lived well in the Madrid of the eighties, which was the epicentre of the so called ‘movida madrileña’, a counter-cultural movement. The only problem that they had was deciding which party or nightclub to go to, and if they did not have money they went to a park to drink.

Life at that time was different. People smoked on aeroplanes and trains, nobody even considered buying condoms unless it was strictly necessary.

The ‘movida madrileña’ was something that came out of nowhere, a ball that began to roll, and then inexplicably tumbled...

People lived well in those times, it must be said that you could enjoy the environment, it was like being on a Polynesian desert island after having eaten with your family on a Sunday.

There were many coincidences between Isaan and Moyna's family lives, they both had strict families and this propelled them out onto the street in search of happiness. Isaan and Moyna were anxious to leave their homes, like crazy people, without caring where they went. They only looked to disappear for a few hours away from their houses. In Isaan's case, looking for new challenges as he desired to find new experiences, although in those years such experiences had been intense.

It was under these special circumstances that the first meeting took place. Curiously enough it was close to the wall that had separated them for all those years. The first meeting was going to happen, whether somebody forced the situation or whether statistically it had to happen we do not know. Isaan was heading towards one of the many parties that took place throughout the summers of the eighties. It was in a classy neighbourhood and when he left an ice-cream shop he heard a voice behind him say "Isaan can I come with you?". It was an attractive girl, a little younger than him, and Isaan said yes…

In that moment Isaan's heart fluttered in a way that he had never felt before. He noticed her green eyes that he would never forget, and on her wrist he saw a

mark; that mark could well have been a scar from having tried to cut her veins the night before.

She was what was considered in those times to be a well-off girl and although Isaan supposed that she was one of the girls from the school next door it did not even cross his mind to think that she might be Yunai's sister's friend.

Isaan realised straight away that their lives had crossed. If you fix your gaze on someone for more than one second and you are attracted to that person then the memory stays with you forever. In spite of the image that they gave off a small slip in the nauseating lives that they both lived could result in either of them cutting their veins in order to escape the continuous trickle of lies that filled their lives.

Isaan could not shed off the image of the scar on Moyna's wrist. Nonetheless his life had other worlds, both of their thoughts drifted towards something which Isaan sensed was love. They were both still very young, they had their whole lives in front of them and in those moments they only had to enjoy, there were moments in which they had everything.

In the instant just before their encounter Isaan was thinking that he would never fall in love. "What for if I

have all the friends that I want?", he thought; given that at that time he had many female friends and he didn't pay much attention to 'love' in its greater sense. In fact he worried, thinking that if she had not said "Can I come with you?" the time would probably have passed, their paths would not have crossed, and he would never have experienced that feeling. However there are things that have to happen and that happen, something or someone could have forced the situation for this to happen, however it may be in Isaan's case it was irreversible.

That impenetrable moment having passed Isaan noticed the neon green sign that hung from the door of the ice-cream shop where they had met, and they continued to walk towards the nightclub.

At once Isaan disappeared. Doubtless one of his many friends claimed him.

He understood then that Moyna was highly sought after in Madrid, every heartless man wanted to be with her, if only for the standing that she had. As a matter of fact Isaan thought "I have fallen in love with one of the most popular girls and I'm going to have a lot of competition.", because she was a free spirit that would fit in better in a Kathmandu sunset that in Madrid. She complicated life by being free. There was

something special about eighties Madrid!

Such as when Isaan, who was reclined against the windscreen of the car, saw her appear and solemnly drink up the moon rays, bathing in them at one o'clock in the morning on a towel on the pavement.

Isaan was totally settled in a comfortable position with his back against the windscreen and his legs on the car bonnet, and then he burst out laughing.

He thought, "What a magical night! Leaning here listening to music on a hot summer night in Madrid having left my favourite club." Then Moyna, after hesitating for a moment as if analysing the situation, looked at him critically for a moment, as if to say "What an arsehole you are", perhaps it was because she thought that he was laughing at her…

The truth was that he laughed with her, it was a comic situation that had brightened up Isaan's night even more, if that is possible; he admired her for being someone so free within that Madrid that was sometimes so inhospitable.

This traumatised Isaan, life was not perfect and everything could change in a second; she could go with somebody else, abandon him, or worse.

The human brain sometimes goes over and over the same thing, analysing millions of variables in a second, it does so on impulses and decides whether the feeling is real or not. In fact Isaan thought that being in a relationship had only a thirty per cent chance of success, but he didn't care. There was something about Moyna that told him she was as crazy as he. Indeed they met because it was one of those typical days when they both left their houses with the same aim, to avoid the problems that they had at home.

Isaan had a good time knowing that he had Moyna at his disposal, and she did not want to play along. This game made all his problems disappear after spending all day dancing to resolve them, his problems basically consisted of deciding where to go party and forgetting the iron discipline of home.

Everything in Isaan's life was perfect when he forgot about his family and sometimes without forgetting it, the same as for Moyna. However, there was that unexpected look of Moyna's that he did not know how to dominate, something he was not used to seeing as usually the whole world smiled at him.

Moyna had a big personality, or was as crazy as Isaan, one or the other or both at the same time…

You can have a big personality and be crazy, in fact many famous people possess both characteristics.

When Moyna threw him a hard look as if to say “Who do you think you are?”, it let loose the fury of the Gods in the parallel world that Isaan had where reality and dreams came together. It was an interference in Isaan’s brain, in reality it was as if they both had a brain wave length that would resonate, and that’s how it was. It was not that Isaan was irritated by Moyna’s stare, but that it totally changed the configuration of his world, at an unusual speed and on an unusual scale. Isaan could pass from heaven to hell in a matter of seconds, Moyna was an extension of his own body. In fact on an ordinary morning in those eighties years, he found Moyna sat on the grass by a swimming pool of a mutual friend, and upon seeing him she gave him a cold look, even though it was Isaan that she wanted to see. Annoyed, Isaan thought “Why does this have to happen to me?”, because Isaan lived quite well before this process that was happening with Moyna.

Moyna did not usually do it, but when she threw one of those looks, the type that make people say “If looks could kill”, Isaan took them seriously because he was not paying her attention and he knew this was not good, and probably he didn’t pay her any attention as

revenge for the pride that Moyna displayed.

When the whole world was laughing and having a good time with you in that scene, and somebody brings you down with a look, it changes everything and is as if you were returned to harsh reality.

Even more so bearing in mind their lives in their different yet same families! It was torment!

When he was in a good mood Isaan fantasised about marrying Moyna and probably she would have accepted, but he continued to be unable to find time to be with her.

Yet everything was going at breakneck speed, and for two to come together obviously they must coincide in the same space and time, but the speed of both must be equal or they will separate.

One night, leaving the club, Isaan took her to his house with some friends, Isaan's mother even met her.

In this way time went by…

One of the following nights something inexplicable happened. Isaan was coming from a party, with his green eyes open and his pupils dilated. He had taken

some drugs and Isaan's father gave him a sedative which he ordered him to take even though he was not a doctor.

Isaan took it, went to bed, and his head exploded. He had an atomic bomb inside his head, in his family's attic room, from which he could make out the whole city with its lights and shadows.

It was incredible! Isaan had passed from being who he was to forming part, another piece of, the repressive system. Now not only of the repressive family apparatus but of the whole society.

The following day he got up calmly, but something unexpected happened, although it could have been seen coming given the dictatorial nature of his father; that morning they locked him up in a psychiatric hospital. Although at first being there seemed like another game to Isaan, there between walls thicker than those of the school he could not continue living the life he had. The possibility of perhaps never seeing Moyna again was such a traumatic experience for Isaan that it almost drove him crazy. There were strange people, and he was not able to pass through that thick wall that separated him from freedom, and that was worse than jail.

Now he could not tear down that wall like he used to. In reality he was scared that he could be there his whole life without leaving, or that he could die trying to escape. He saw those whitewashed walls where there were people that had been there for many years and he thought that everything would end between him and Moyna, and that this was an irreversible process, that nothing could be done to revert the situation. He forgot that psychiatric world of people almost without hope of salvation, and he stayed asleep in his bedroom.

The following morning he was already thinking about how to leave behind that wall that they had put up for no reason, but they caught him again and in he went. The following day he was planning another escape, in fact Isaan could have died in one of his escapes, on one occasion he threw himself from a fourth floor flat to get out of there. Realistically, if he did not die it is because ultimately he had good luck.

Isaan knew that one way or another this would pass.

In the preceding days he was scared of what his father's reaction might be. A few days earlier when he was with Moyna he saw hunger in her eyes, hunger to continue in the world outside of conventionalism. Then Isaan realised that what she wanted was to live a

life of freedom, in a way as Isaan had done before falling. She wanted to have a kind of velvet claw with which they would respect her. Isaan had stepped off of that train, something for which Moyna would not forgive him. Moyna had been with him because in those moments they were accomplices on the same mission, but Isaan now had the noose around his neck, time had stopped and he did not even have a plan to face the situation. Although he did not believe that the branching of their paths and in general with the life and people with which he had lived until then was going to be so drastic he did not have the strength to stop what was coming at him, and that left him a bit in the hands of fate.

Or was it fate that played with them by bringing them together and now wanted to separate them at all costs?

However, he sensed that Moyna must have an inner life similar to his own, even though now she was acting brave. People normally like being with people who have a similar inner life, and although Moyna hid it she must have had experiences similar to what Isaan was living through now, and although she concealed it she was now going faster than him.

As one of Isaan's classmates had said to him jokingly

"Isaan you're finished", sometimes you're up and sometimes your down, c'est la vie.

In those moments the atomic bomb fell close to Isaan, so to speak, it was as if there had been a radical change in his whole environment, transforming it into a deserted land. Moyna was luckier and although, curiously, it could be said that an era had come to an end in a traumatic way, there was always the hope that the situation could be reversed.

Isaan had lost the friendships of his old friends and had won enemies, with Moyna he was in nobody's land. They went a while without seeing each other and then they met in a café by chance, close to the ice cream place where they first met, where Isaan went for breakfast with his friends once in a while when he didn't want to go to school. Isaan was going to leave the café, where there were still echoes of those previous years, when he heard a piercing cry. It was Moyna who had shouted "Isaan". He was astonished, she was as, if not more, good-looking; and he was in pieces. Isaan looked behind him, something which he rarely did, the voice was sweet but the circumstances had changed, now nothing was the same. They greeted each other and after just a few moments said goodbye, as if before they had been nothing, as if it was an irreversible process in which they found

themselves now.

Moyna knew what had happened with Isaan, one way or another others had told her, their ways parted so easily, as was the manner in which they had met.

Yet Moyna was not humiliated by being in a better position, she was probably going through something similar.

Isaan started to work in one of the family businesses which had the wind in its sails. However, he worked unloading the lorries that arrived with the goods and he was paid very little.

He worked hard and people did not understand that someone with a rich father would work, the same chancers that would end up in a ditch did not understand it either.

Isaan’s situation was a total disregard for everything, partly because him and his family had wealth.

At the beginning there was a good atmosphere and Isaan even tried to improve his image with his father and his business partners by working. Who better than the owners son to handle the ins and outs that moved the least desired parts of the company's work.

He continued thinking about Moyna, but all of the previous images became blurry over time, at the same time as the view he had of his father and his partners deteriorated as he saw that they were only pursuing their own interests.

While it is true that during Isaan's time in the family business it progressed and was very profitable, Isaan began to lose interest in the job and to sabotage some of the things that he considered unjust.

As the years went by Isaan had quite forgotten about Moyna. He also did not believe in the family business as he thought that they would not let him progress and he considered that this was an irreversible process that negatively affected his personal development.

However, when a memory of Moyna returned to him fleetingly his conscience reproached him as if to say "Moyna will never be yours but you should not forget her", something as senseless as life itself.

Isaan was very bright and he started to study mathematics, skiving work as much as possible. Nobody in the department doubted that he was intelligent and although in the first years he understood little, as with all of his classmates, as the

years went by he gained a problem-solving ability characteristic of an exceptional mind. Now he did not even remember Moyna, sometimes a memory of her passed through his mind so fleetingly that it was almost impossible to even classify the memory, but his conscience was not able to accept this and what his conscious demanded was as simple, or as difficult, as being separated, but without forgetting her.

In the face of this heart-breaking outlook Isaan spent the day solving problems and teasing those from the Arts, who he considered to be inferior.

In the faculty he had a good time and they allowed him to tease them, presumably because he was intelligent. In fact, he only had his intelligence to come through this with, his brain was his most valued possession.

He was going to finish his studies, from which he had won some friendships for life, but which time looked to separate. Wherever he went he did not find anybody that occupied his thoughts as much as Moyna did. Then something happened which despite being unexpected wasn't so much so for him, because to an extent his attitude had brought it about and it was something that he desired; the end of the family business where he worked.

The good and the bad spells come and go and you have to be aware of when to pull out, even a mediocre poker player knows that.

“You have to pull out while you are winning because when you're losing it may be too late.”

His father's partner was a chancer, he spent all day on the phone believing himself to be indispensable, and the poor guy rather than indispensable was dispensable.

He played the fool with Isaan, as if he were above Isaan, and the poor guy believed he was a winner even though he was a poor wretch. When the business closed, the motivation for which was losing an exclusive distribution of an important brand, in the following weeks he found himself without the important economic resources that the business has brought him. The smartass believed that good businesses last forever. Isaan’s father had pulled out in time, a timely withdrawal is a victory, but his partner was a neighbourhood guy that only worried about what might have been, and he did not even realise that Isaan’s father was already eighty years old.

The guy believed that Isaan's father loved him like a

son, and that he would still be working for him when he was ninety years old. How could he be such an idiot?

In these circumstances, days before the business closed, it occurred to the employee, who must have believed himself to be a financial magician, to buy a house for a million euros. Even his wife couldn't stand him when he didn't have money. His wife asked for half of both of their assets, which effectively was half of the house, for which they had paid a million euros and which with the crisis had dropped all of a sudden to five hundred thousand. His wife even appeared on a TV programme ‘Save Me’ offering herself as a model to appear on the front page of ‘Playboy’, she even said on television that she would not sleep with anyone for money, which lets you envision her moral habits. She was a halfwit that had been lucky, just for the fact that Isaan's father took her husband on as a partner. She appeared on ‘Save Me’ because she played paddel with Kiko Killovers a collaborator of ’Save me’, like the new rich girl that she wanted to appear to be.

The situation of this family became so chaotic from morning to night that the business partners daughters even believed that their father was the boss and not an employee, and they could not go back to the private school where their friends were.

Then Isaan thought that with his actions he could come to handle processes as irreversible as these, where there was a story like Cinderella's, but this time in the real world and close to him.

Isaan had more than two brain cells and it was not logical that the owner of the business, that is to say his father, could continue with the same rhythm at ninety as at fifty.

The employee was mediocre, in fact Isaan's father took them on like that, half illiterate, in order to have them dominated. To think that the life of the business was eternal could only fit in the head of someone very mediocre.

Besides, Isaan had power. He had moved lots of ins and outs of Madrilenian society and he had lots of hidden interests of which it was in his interest to be on top of, especially with a father that was quite important, even though he did not even have a relationship with him.

Then something happened that changed things for him, his dear mother died. She had been his only support in this hell, what's more he finished his degree in mathematics, which is something that is very proud

of. His main cause of pride was his intelligence, it was his dearest possession, he was not even interested in having too many possessions.

His mother died in such a distinct date as Easter week, and as a gift she left a million euros to each of her children.

Isaan decided to live life, even though he knew that this was an irreversible process in terms of the money he spent happily, it was not a reversible process, and it would not return to his current account.

He lived very well now, he was rich and his elderly father, who he did not see now, was much richer which would yield him a succulent inheritance in the future.

In fact there were some troubles with his father and even trials because Isaan had expected to receive more money for some concepts that were clear to him.

Isaan had forgotten about Moyna a few years ago, but one day he got out of bed, a light turned on, and he remembered her. His brain would not allow him to forget her, although now he had no idea where she might be. He looked for her on Facebook and found

her after a few hours searching, although he noticed strange things, she lived in Kathmandu and the photos she put up were blurry.

He thought that if there had not been internet he would not have found her. In the passing of time between when they wrote to each other online Isaan wrote his first mathematics book, another light had turned on again.

Three months on from that virtual relationship he managed to get a date with her… Moyna looked gaunt, to put it one way. She was now how Isaan had been when the bomb exploded in his head when he was seventeen. She was no longer the attractive girl of his dreams and Isaan had a totally mathematical mind, far from the magical parties in the summers of their adolescence.

It was February in Kathmandu and cold, at first the encounter was very emotional. They both went to eat in a residential district but they got bored and went out to the terrace, drank wine, and smoked calmly, she smoked rolling tobacco and him his usual cigarettes. Upon saying goodbye they shared an emotional hug.

The next day he suggested they go to a hotel to enjoy a thermal bath but she did not want to.

Something had happened the next day that had also happened in their first meetings, after a beautiful encounter Moyna went back to giving him a cold look, maybe something said to her that she should not go with Isaan even though she continued remembering him, similar to what had happened to Isaan but twenty years later. He called her and she didn't answer. After wandering aimlessly through the streets of Kathmandu he found her in a park with her son, now it was night-time and there was a big full moon. She fled from him until she disappeared. Although they had greeted one another it was only out of courtesy, Isaan left more broken than happy, thinking cynically, “Happiness is the last person that you find by the light of the Moon.”

The process of his relationship seemed totally irreversible. Isaan tried to redirect the situation but it didn't work. His mind was focused on mathematics and she did not have the image that she used to, perhaps something spurred on, who knows why or by who.

He understood very well what a reversible process was in physics, he had been very good in the subject where it was taught. A reversible process is something that can slowly return to its original situation; a bomb that

makes a building explode is not a reversible process because the building would not spontaneously reconstruct itself, but in life if we go reconstructing our errors to just the opposite way we can return to a prior situation that we longed for, he thought.

Moyna's cold look in the last encounter came back to unleash fury in the world of the gods of Isaan.

Isaan kept going forward even though he could not get her out of his head.

Bearing in mind both of their actions there was something that seemed clear, as if both of them should not live together but without forgetting each other, something like a modern love. That each should live their own life but with an affectionate ray of light that would make it more bearable.

Now Isaan only had to worry about managing the money that he had and would have, but after the last cold look from Moyna he had a bad patch in the markets that almost ruined him. Economic security is not everything.

You have to be an idiot to believe in something that only depends on probabilities, in fact Moyna thought that, she knew very well that probabilities are not

certainties and that whoever thinks they know the truth one hundred per cent doesn't know what they are talking about. Besides, Moyna's father was also a Mathematician and gave probability classes, perhaps that made her distance herself from certainties.

Isaan continued with his book that was being read more and more and helped people to feel better physically. It was a book between exercise and theory, something like the mantra of books, he laughed when he thought this. Obviously they were not going to give him the Nobel Prize for it but it was a good book.

Ultimately Isaan and Moyna tolerated each other, but they did not tolerate being close, it was like having each other without having each other.

Isaan went to Marrakech, tired of this situation. It was a place to meditate about new books and play poker. To play poker is to take decisions quickly not slowly, to have savings to deal with the bad times, to use your head and to imagine the unimaginable to win hands, and he did win them.

In essence it was to be smart, in fact he was now very smart and lived at the expense of the casino and his winnings even allowed him to save.

He was like this for a full year, winning and living like a Duke, after a year he decided to pull out, what happened to his father's partner was not going to happen to him, that slacker who believed that the good turns were eternal.

In this situation he met Admad, a hotelier in Marrakech who suggested Isaan invest in a hotel business. Isaan was tired of the life that he lead in the casinos and seeing that he could continue playing sporadically on journeys, in some casino in any part of the world, he realised that with everything that he had learnt in the family business, and if he corrected the errors and even compensated them with totally opposing decisions, then the business would work better. This started to happen, the business improved bit by bit and Isaan became a businessman.

That the business worked was the best way that there was for Isaan to get his head straight, which was something that was worrying Admad. Between these changes of ways Isaan realised that it was four years since he had seen Moyna and he decided to go to Kathmandu, he plotted a situation where a buyer would meet her to offer her money for some jewellery that she had.

She lived far removed from any really megalourban

environments and the buyer met her close to a forest of paradisiacal palm trees. Suddenly Isaan and Admad appeared, despite the fact that it was clearly a ploy she did not look on it badly and Isaan even met her second son.

Even though the situation could be considered tense a priori at that meeting the fury of the gods ceased when they met and in fact the following months were unusually calm. Isaan's business worked, the distribution of a family heritage was closer and his life was more stable. Isaan realised immediately that they had reverted the situation. However it may be, that meeting, which could be considered as very amateur, had changed the situation.

At that time Moyna was with a waste of a man, a friend from when she was twenty years old. That man, who had no profession and was no benefit, tried to live from the bait that Moyna gave him.

This pathetic man saw Isaan in that meeting, he looked at him moodily and quickly realised that he could not compete with Isaan. Not long after that meeting Isaan and Moyna went off the map.

It was odd how the world that the gods manipulated had accepted that meeting and fostered that both of

their lives would improve.

It was also laughable that they were now older and had seen each other such few times in this life.

The relationship with his business partner was unbeatable, Isaan loved him, and something that he would not forget is that he helped him to find his soul mate.

Although Admad and Isaan were a bit homophobic it could be said that they were in love.

There were women sometimes, poker in some new casino in some city that they went to on a journey, a business, in fact the virtual relationship with Moyna was accepted and well looked upon by the gods that ruled their destiny and their dreams.

Isaan woke up one day and realised that he was closer to turning fifty than forty, Moyna was in a similar situation. Isaan also realised that three months had passed since their truce, after a life in which they had declared a mental war since adolescence.

Going over his life Isaan recognised that he had already had an original idea and managed to establish a relation between physics and the human body, just

before his first reunion with Moyna.

Perhaps it was an idea linked to his past as a defence, perhaps it came from reading other physics authors, or perhaps something that Moyna had inspired.

The matter is that sports and physics had always been intertwined in his life, like that joke about Einstein and his wife on their wedding night, when upon seeing him she says “What a physique!”

It was not a new physics formula but rather it was engineering applied to the human body, but that earned him respect. Isaan knew that in this life they could take everything from you apart from the copyright of an idea, and that opened quite a lot of doors for him. Nonetheless Moyna did not enter into mathematical issues even though they interested her. However she was an excellent mother and although sometimes she put up a hard front she was a typical romantic from a book and underneath she had the ancestral idea that women have to be mothers when they grow up. Likewise, Moyna had nothing; although she had her children these could be taken from her, as they took the life of a destitute person in any settlement in Columbia or Ecuador, and that made her vulnerable.

In a way she had Isaan, but what would happen if he died…

On a material level they were both totally indifferent about having important possessions. They were tired of that lifestyle, and they also didn't like that type of life because of how uncomfortable it was, but they both knew what they wanted to do. Isaan wanted to continue with his business, sometimes play poker, and continue writing physics books, without the intention of becoming rich. Moyna wanted to continue being the mother that she was and to compose even more sublime melodies for piano, if such a thing was possible.

A priori it seemed as though they both knew where they were going, but now in reality they had a tonne of questions. They started to review their lives, memories came to them from different times and at heart they felt an immense peace after having been fighting against each other their whole lives; in the same way as Isaan and his father had been fighting and he now tried to resolve things a little as he saw that his death was imminent. Isaan forgave him because deep down he was open-minded and he thought "better late than never".

Despite having an open mind Isaan was delighted at

how lucky his father's business partners, rather employees, were, who in their day looked down on him as in the Cinderella story. Sometimes life is not a story and Isaan laughed when he remembered that one of them once said to him that he would not mind if Isaan's father included him in his will. Isaan wondered how the poor guy could be so stupid, the wretch had ended up selling cans of oil at fuel stations, and the poor thing was probably still going over in his mind whether he would be included in Isaan's father's will.

Isaan had two ambitions, one was the economy and the other physics. In physics time is a variable, as loosing weight can be. In other words you can say that you have eaten five apples to gain a kilo in the same way that you can say you spent a few hours to catch a plane to Kathmandu. We can use time in different ways, but to say we can control it makes no sense. Time moves forward and Isaan saw that his time with Moyna was disappearing, perhaps by dedicating time to her the relationship could be re-built. Isaan could not get her out of his head.

If two people see each other in a train station it is not enough to say that they saw each other and no more, we need information about what time or what day they saw each other; if they saw each other on a

Monday that is not the same as if they had seen each other on a Wednesday, if it was one day or another changes everything.

Although it may be hard to believe, for two people to see each other it is not enough that they are walking in the same direction and they meet, their times have to go in the same direction. It is something as intrinsic as the earth we tread on, it is the fourth variable of space in three dimensions.

Another song of a group that Isaan listened to was "The evolution of customs", customs tend to change with time and people are obsessed with this. They want to control time, what was clear was that nobody can control time, it is like controlling an atom or a tree; these things cannot be controlled, they can serve your purposes but they are objects that are there and are not controlled.

Isaan thought, "Time is like a car, it can join us together or separate us as it joined Moyna and I now and as it separated us in the eighties, it is another variable of space."

In fact if Isaan and Moyna had not seen each other it was not because they lived in different places, a plane to Kathmandu takes nine hours, it was because the

two of them had times that didn't coincide. Time is something intrinsic in every living thing, whether a person or a tree, it is an attachment like our spatial coordinates and influences our lives greatly, it is something like a part of our destiny, it can be used in different ways but it cannot be controlled so that it stops in our preferred moments.

If we use time in a different way we radically change our environment, from our relationships to any other aspect of our lives.

Isaan understood then that if he wanted to improve his relationship with Moyna he ought to dedicate time to it, that was the issue.

Dedicating time to certain things is important, it serves to heal your wounds and to keep your dreams alive.

It was obvious that at this stage in life one thinks about death and whether there is anything beyond, if so would they both be together? And if not, what was the point of this life? Isaan wondered whether if after death they would find each other or whether they would be in different coordinates of time and space, practically like that had been up to now.

That Isaan dedicate time to Moyna was risky, not

because the time was wasted, which is nonsense because there is no such thing as wasted time especially if it is dedicated to another person, but it implies that those people are living together in an intimate way.

In fact to not dedicate time to her is like living next to each other without seeing each other. It is like a wall that divides two joint rooms.

It was curious how when they were ok, a long time ago, Moyna was interested in him because of her longing to be free and escape that network that pressed on her from all sides, and that Isaan was in love with her but with his heart, his head was elsewhere, not paying attention to the call of his own heart.

Now that they both had nothing they were interested in each other. Who knows for what strange reason, life is very complicated and whoever says otherwise lies. Well, the truth is that nobody lies, most likely it is survival instinct, or that the solution is easy but the way torturous. The only thing that we know is that they were mutually helping one another. There are many ways to help, a timely smile can prevent a cancer, thinking about someone can alleviate their sadness, and even if they continued living in different

places of the space time maze….there was always room for a smile thinking about what they had lived.